IN THIS ISSUE:

"Bar Room Days on the Bowery"

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

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JUNE ST. CLAIRE, *a Wilner Wonder Wheel girl and a featured Burlesque star.*

The National Police Gazette

Established 1846

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Merle W. Hersey.....*Managing Editor*
Nat Fleischer.....*Sports Editor*
F. Cecile Glasberg.....*Associate Editor*

Advertising Representative:
P. G. Special Agency, 150 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

We believe all of you readers of the Police Gazette will be interested in knowing what some of the rest of you think of the paper. Here are extracts from a few letters:

Dear Sir:

I am a very interested reader of the *Police Gazette* and I like the article about "Things You Never Knew." Of course it is a little distracting to try and concentrate on reading matter, with such a bevy of beauties surrounding it, especially Miss "Sally Rand" the fan dancer.

Glendora, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I won't go into a lot of highly descriptive words, praising the *Police Gazette,* because you have heard them already, more than likely. The reason I, and the rest of the gang on here, like the P. G., is because it contains the real McCoy—the things a fellow likes to read about, without having to run through a bunch of styles, recipes, household information, etc., because it is packed chock full, from cover to cover, with interesting articles, pictures, (and what pictures!) jokes, and sporting items, and last but not least, because it is a man's magazine, for man, one of the few on the market today.

Have always wanted to shoot in a few words of praise for the magazine I really like to read.

Best regards from the Navy,

C. D. Phillips,
U. S. S. Arizona,
San Pedro, California.

Dear Editor:

I read the December 12th issue of the *Police Gazette* from cover to cover, including the adds and of course glancing quite often at the swell photographs. The picture on the cover of the beautiful and shapely Carroll sisters was swell, and these girls deserve all the beauty awards they might win. The Carroll sisters appeared in a burlesque show here in Providence, but unfortunately I missed them. Lee would you do me a little favor and ask your bosses to refrain from printing within the background of the cover photos because it spoils their use for framing? The article on Legalize Prostitution was right and a section in each community should be set aside for such houses. The short story "The Public Be Damned" by R. M. Joffe exposed the false advertising racket and there benefited the public. The articles in Bob Maxwell's column "Hot Footin' It" are improving with almost every issue and so are the alluring photographs. Lee, beware of that big bad wolf Bob Maxwell. The story "Midtown Hotel" doesn't hit the right spot and seems too long and drawn-out. The articles about the weaker sex are o. k. but it will take a long time before they over-take the men in sports. In your Artists and Models item you mentioned Alice Anthon, I have seen several pictures of her in the nude and she certainly is nice. The items in your column were very good. Your photos were better than those in your last issue with the exception of the girls from the Folies Bergere. I still think there should be less draperies about the upper parts of their bodies. Your column had more items and photographs than usual so keep it up and more speed to you. That story "Going to Hell" is very interesting and if all these things have really happened that girl certainly has led a hectic life so far. The sport articles were enjoyable but there is too much of this news. May I suggest as an added attraction in the *Police Gazette,* that there be a double page entitled "Artists Models" and this page should contain photographs of burlesque girls and artists models in the nude and semi-nude, with the entire background printed so they will be suitable for framing. This December 12th issue of the *Police Gazette* was very, very good, so more power and speed to this swell magazine.

A Gazette Fan,
Herbert Barker.

Dear Sir:

Am glad to have the *Police Gazette* back in circulation again. I used to buy it and I have not missed an issue since its republication.

Naturally—being a man—and being human I turn to your section first to look at what must be the most beautiful girls on earth, or they wouldn't be where they are, and then to read— "Brite Lite Lowdown"; your remarks and tales are witty but not disgusting— Who cares about "Blessed Events?"

Stories are rather interesting but more short stories would be appreciated but as it is I'm satisfied with it and wish you and the publishers success in keeping it on the newsstands.

Sincerely yours,
A P. G. Fan,
Erie, Pa.

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LYNCHING AND SEX

By ROBERT M. JOFFE

IN the stark, eerie light of a hundred flaming torches, a naked, sweat-soaked body writhes in the last heart-rending agony of death. A screaming, blood-thirsty mob closes in on the speck of humanity dangling from a rope's end, their eyes gleaming with a strange, inhuman lust, their bodies tensed, waiting for the struggling figure to droop inertly . . . dead!

THE wave of lynching actuated by the statement of Governor Rolph of California, condoning the brutal mob-killing of the Hart kidnappers and slayers, has reached gigantic, almost uncontrollable, proportions. From Maryland comes the news that the four men held in custody for inciting the lynching of a negro have been given their freedom. From Missouri has come the report that another negro, admittedly guilty of rape, was snatched from the hands of an all too willing Sheriff and burned to death while hanging by his neck from a tree.

This new barbaric element, rearing its ugly head in our midst, presents a ghastly problem to be added to our ever-increasing list of difficulties. What strange, perverse instinct prompts civilized people to forsake their every vestige of humanity, cast aside the cloak of civilization and revert to the practices and policies of beasts and barbarians? No better than the head hunters of deepest, darkest Africa; no better than the cruel potentates of the Spanish Inquisition, are we not abysmally ashamed of our publicized blood-lust? Can any sane-minded, well-balanced man or woman view the tragedy of mob vengeance and not be revolted by the scene? Can any normal, clean-living American sanction, let alone take part in, the spontaneous, unthinking murder of a fellow man, black or white? Are we *human* or are we *beast?*

Poring through the scholarly pages of Krafft-Ebing's *"Psychopathia Sexualis,"* probably the most erudite work on the sexual problems of mankind, together with their solutions, one finds what appears to be an answer to mob murder, strange and unearthly as it may seem. Quoting from this famed sexologist's book: ". . . . more prevalent than imagined, is the sexual stimulus of bodily torture, defined as Masochism when the sex desire is sponsored by infliction of pain on the subject, and defined as Sadism when the sex stimulus is infliction of pain on a removed subject. . . ." By way of explanation, Krafft-Ebing means that persons may be sexually aroused at the sight of physical torture.

The Police Gazette makes no attempt to set itself up as a psychological dictator, an expert on the ramifications of sexual problems, or a delver into the philosophy of the mind. The Police Gazette, however, searching for a reason, a cause, a meaning for the brutality which seems to be below the mentality of mankind, is inclined to set its editorial finger on inverted sexuality as the dominant guiding force behind these Twentieth Century horrors.

DANGLING from a tree, a stone's throw from the Main Street in St. Joseph, Missouri, the young negro who confessed to rape, still not relieved of his torture, due to the hurried bungling of his killers, looked on through fear-blazoned eyes, as one of the mob applied a torch to his gasoline drenched body. The stench of burning flesh, the hideous cries of the smoldering negro, the blood-curdling bay of the mob, all combined to form a cannibalistic symphony of lust, a dirge of death at human hands. Again we ask: Are we *human* or are we *beast?*

In the wake of Governor Rolph's commendation has come a veritable flood of adverse criticism, emanating from the very heart of California and listing among its members men like ex-President Hoover, Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University, Archbishop Edward J. Hanna and other prominent members of bar, State and clergy. Are these people wrong and are the mob killers right?

Photographs taken of the lynching in San Jose reveal men, women and children massed about the two trees from which the kidnappers hung. Careful study of the flashlight pictures makes known the fact that the onlookers regarded the heinous crime as a great, gigantic picnic. One notes a father holding his six-year-old daughter aloft so that she may better see the cruelty of mankind. What indelible impression has been stamped on that infant's mind, we cannot imagine. Every adolescent present at the affair probably took away with him or her the opinion that such things were righteous.

The Police Gazette does not wish to be classified as condoning kidnapping, murder or sexual assault of women. Both the Police Gazette and the author believe that proper, legal punishment should be meted out to doers of crime. On the other hand, we add our protest against mob execution to the flood of editorial protest at present engulfing those in agreement with these tactics.

By his own admission, an eighteen-year-old boy led the lynchers into the San Jose prison. Governor Rolph practically commended his action, thereby placing the execution of punishment in the State of California in the hands of a callow, sex-crazed youth.

What is mob psychology? What causes men and women to band together with morbid intent and inclination? An accident occurs on the street. A woman is hit by a trolley car and held beneath the front truck. Blood—rich, red human blood—trickles out and stains the asphalt, forming a tiny pool in the gutter. Thousands of people batter their way through a police cordon the better to see this heart-rending sight. Why, we ask? Is the sight of blood, the sight of torture, the sight of suffering, pleasant? Or, as Krafft-Ebing points out, is it sexually stimulating?

Some of this publication's readers may accuse the writer of fanaticism, of picking a thread of evidence and weaving from it a coat of indictment. The rebuttal is only this: What other reason can there be for ten thousand people standing in the cold and screaming delightedly at the sight of a man burning to death? Normally, the very thought of it curdles the blood and sends shivers of apprehension hurtling up and down the spine. Then, are we willing to grant that infuriated mobs are not normal? Is Governor Rolph normal? As the living flesh of the lynchers' victim smoldered, as his frantically beating heart cried out to High Heaven for mercy, ten thousand Americans jeered and laughed at his bodily agony. Were these ten thousand people *humans* or *beasts?*

THE Society for the Advancement of Colored People is now lobbying in Washington for an Anti-Lynching Bill. While it is a step in the right direction, this form of unjustified murder is not a racial, color or creed problem. It is purely a social problem, with very little progress to be expected if Governors of our States sanction it wholeheartedly. The Lindbergh kidnapping and murder was heinous. The Hart abduction and drowning was equally as bad. However, no matter how heinous the crime, no right is given a raging, sex insane mob to decide the punishment and carry out its terms. On all sides, the argument is raised: "The law is slow. Legal procedure is tedious. These murderers need quick action." Granted that the law is slow, but surely the law is more certain and more human.

We will admit that the men who suffered at the hands of lynchers throughout the country were guilty of the crimes they were alleged to have committed. We will grant an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" punishment. But what if we condone this method of retribution? Is it not possible that as a result of the uncontrollable fury of a mob, some innocent man may dangle from a tree limb, his body aflame?

The Police Gazette, firmly believing that lynching is brutal, uncivilized and unworthy of Americans, condemns the action of Governor Rolph of California in commending the San Jose lynching party, and sets itself on record as opposed to this public form of punishment.

Must we revert to savagery? Must we inhale the stench of burning human flesh and claw at it like beasts of the jungle? If we must, God pity us!

Another episode in the series of confessions by the 28-YEAR-OLD GUN-GIRL will appear in the January 9th issue of the Police Gazette. This will be

MARRIAGE AND MURDER!

Don't miss it—it is full of thrills and is the most interesting chapter in this story of crime and passion, so far.

Hot Footin' It

with BOB MAXWELL

Mona Carmen, first exponent of the "Fan Dance," as displayed throughout the Wilner Burlesque Circuit.

Across the River . . .

In the city of churches and baby-carriages (Brooklyn to you), the *Strand Danceland* competes with Brooklyn *Roseland* for fox-trot honors. Jack Theil, impresario of *Strand,* took the *Roseland* competition in stride and with the able assistance of a bevy of charmers, is bucking the bigger organization quite successfully. We recall a little girl at *Strand,* Machita Saenz by name, Spanish by extraction, and torrid by temperament, who, if she's still at the old stand, deserves your tickets.

Brooklyn *Roseland,* on the same basis and under the same management as its Big Sister on Bawdway, packs 'em in of a Saturday night. Features at the New York dance place, such as Farmer's Night, Show Girl Night, etc., are repeated at the Brooklyn house. The modernistic motif in decoration and the attractive motif in girls draw the crowds.

That Guy in the Middle

Before going into this complaint, we'd like to inform our three readers that we're not jealous or envious of anyone. In the center section of this publication, you'll find the stint done by one Lee Lewis, who is running a temperature because he claims we keep stealing his stuff. A little note (we were astonished to find that Lewis could write English) was left on our desk the other day and it read thusly: "Dear Maxwell:—Lay off the night club chatter because that's up my alley. Stick to your own knitting."

Well, well, well, isn't that amusing? Mr. Lewis should write to Winchell, Yawitz, Sobol, Sullivan, etc., requesting that these worthy gentlemen "lay off the night club chatter," inasmuch as Loony Lewis thinks night clubs were created for his own special delectation. O. K., Lewis, our answer is: "Nerts!"

By Request . . .

A goodly number of adherents to this pillar's palpitations have written in requesting dope and data on where to go in the Big City. The pending removal of the liquor ban will undoubtedly create many changes in the dine and dance places around town, not to mention the public hoof parlors. A license to serve hard stuff is difficult to procure, and undoubtedly, some of the jernts will fold up for lack of trade. However, to date, we supply the following info, together with opinion and average cost for two. The *Richman Club* (noisy and nude $6), the *Hollywood* and the *Paradise* (nude and noisy, $6), *El Bolero* (Spanish, $4), *El Gaucho* (Ditto and Ditto), *Pre-Cat* (New, $4), *Small's Paradise* (colored and coochy, $5), *Brown Derby* (Nice and cheap, $3), and so on into the night.

Joeanne Dare, Trocadero Theatre, Philadelphia. (Strand.)

Margie Hart, now playing at the Park Theatre in Bridgeport. (Strand.)

TALKING RIGHT OUT

By NAT FLEISCHER — SPORTS EDITOR

THE 1933 boxing year has ended. Starting with very little over which the fans could become enthusiastic, the fistic sport wound up in a blaze of glory with some of the year's most thrilling matches being staged during the last two months. Seldom in recent years has the sport been crowded with such keen competition, the kind that tickles the palate of the dyed-in-the-wool fan, as towards the end of 1933. The Loughran-Impellitiere bout, Canzoneri-Kid Chocolate mill, and the Walker-Rosenbloom tilt proved that boxing is making a rapid recovery and that 1934 will see the fistic game close to where it was two years ago.

As we look at the developments of the year, we cannot help but take cognizance of the fact that two fighters, more than any other, served to bring boxing out of the rut, back into the public eye. To Max Baer and Barney Ross goes the distinction of having done most for the sport which has enabled each to gain fame and fortune.

When the Baer-cat landed the haymaker on Max Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium in New York, he virtually landed the K. O. wallop to Kid Depression, for by his victory he started such a commotion that the headlines in sports have been his ever since. Were a trophy to be rewarded for the man who accomplished most in the interests of boxing for the year, I think it would be a pretty close battle between the Livermore Larruper and Ross for the honors.

While the fistic world at large usually gives the greatest credit for the year to a new heavyweight king, especially when such new champion has gained his post by dethroning his opponent, in the case of Carnera, his feat is far overshadowed by the knockout of Schmeling, a much better fighter than Sharkey, by Baer. And it must be remembered that Carnera is now ducking the issue with Baer and won't give him a chance at the crown to avoid the possibility of being shorn of his laurels.

As for Ross, his double victory over Canzoneri—once as challenger and the second time as champion, were outstanding feats in fisticuffs. When one considers the prestige of Canzoneri and his knockout of the clever, elusive Kid Chocolate, he must admit that Ross' feats were not ordinary. The Chicago Hebrew bids to become as popular as was another Hebrew lightweight king, the great Benny Leonard.

* * *

Our 1933 Awards

IF we were to award bouquets, instead of costly medals to those whom the fistic world would honor for outstanding performances during 1933, THE POLICE GAZETTE would make the following awards:

1—For the cleverest piece of ring work—to Tommy Loughran for the manner in which he held off Ray Impellitiere to win a bout Tommy had previously lost.

2—To Pete Hartley—for his eagerness to halt bouts in which he sees blood.

3—To the boxing commissions throughout the country—for their humanitarian, sympathetic action in assigning punch-drunk, retired fighters to referee contests.

4—To the New York Commission—for revising the fighting code at the spur of the moment to reverse a referee's decision during a bout.

5—To the National Boxing Commission—for the unique honor it paid to two dead fighters, by placing them close to the head of their respective divisions as the leading challengers for the title.

6—To Jim Londos—for demanding $100,000 to "defend" a title he doesn't have, against Jim Browning, the rightful crown wearer.

7—To Madison Square Garden—for "cutting off its nose to spite its face," by continuing to war on scribes and managers instead of offering the pipe of peace.

8—To Enzo Fiermonte—for knowing where his future bread and butter lies, by foresaking the padded mitts to marry the multi-millionaire widow of John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Madeline Force Astor Dick.

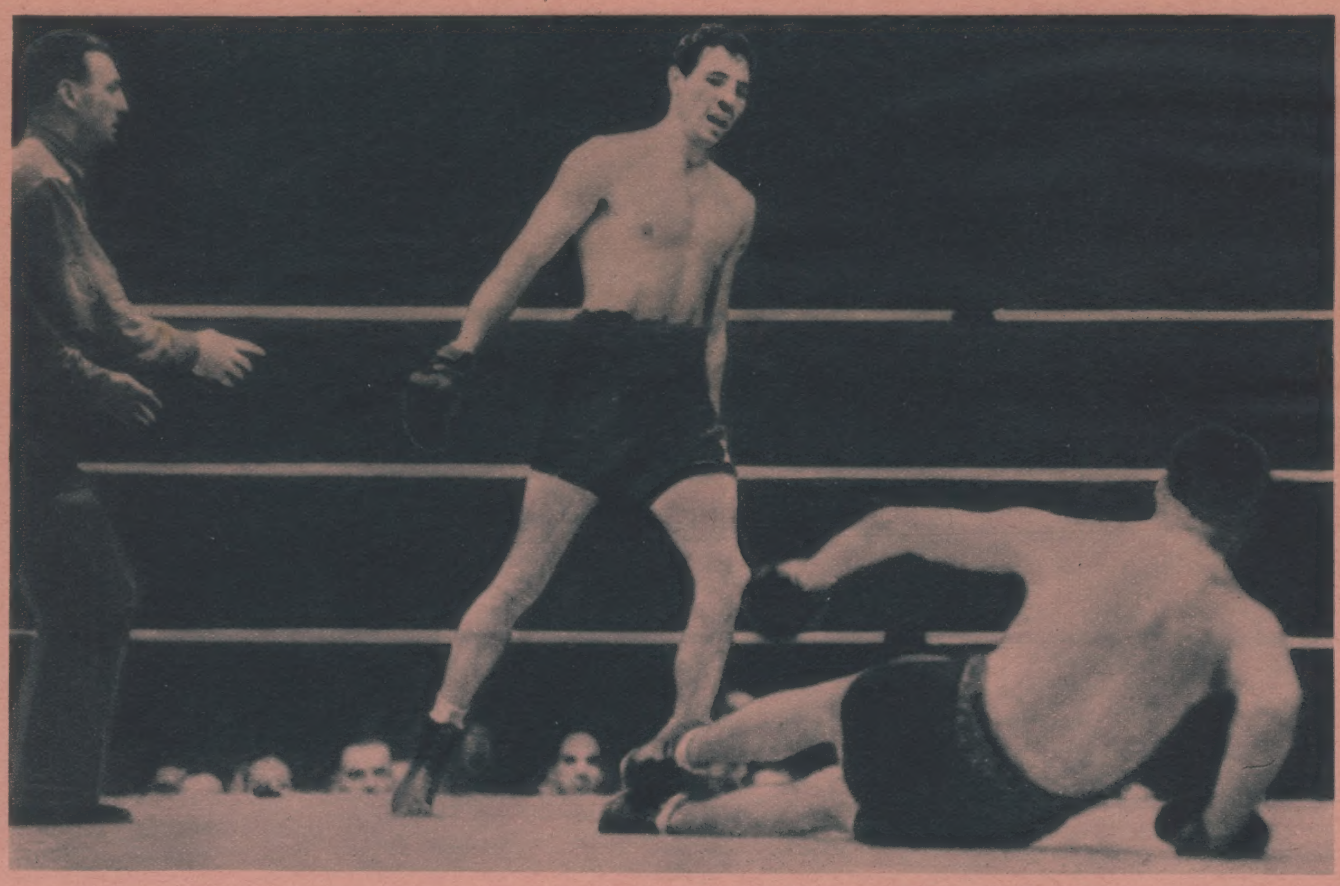
9—To Gene Tunney for having elected a Democratic Governor in Maine by reciting to an excited farmer audience Brutus' speech to the populace, from Shakespeare's play, "Julius Caesar."

10—To Max Baer—for stealing the hearts of the Hollywood Beauties.

11—To Jack Johnson—for continuing to show his golden teeth even though the wolf is knocking at his door.

12—To the American Humane Society for picking on boxing and shouting for its death every time a fighter is injured, but passing off with a sympathetic gesture the death of more than 100 boys killed in gridiron games.

And now a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all with the hopes that 1934 will find peace, good will and prosperity throughout the sports world.



Here you see Max Schmeling knocked out by Max Baer—the moment that made the Livermore Larruper the outstanding performer of 1933 fisticuffs.

FOR years the six-day bicycle race has been one of the great sporting attractions of New York City. The best people, attired in stiff shirts or decolletté gowns, according to their sex, of course, sit in the boxes and watch the boys on the wheels.

It was different in the old days. When Madison Square Garden was really on Madison Square instead of Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue, the six-day race was a meeting place for all the thugs, plug-uglies and bums in the city.

Hoboes bought their way into the gallery on Sunday night and stayed there for the week. Gangsters started brawls that often ended in gun-fights. The place was a haven for thieves and pickpockets. It was a lucky man who managed to keep his coat and watch.

I remember on one occasion, back in 1909, Martin Sheridan, one of New York's "Finest," both as a copper and an athlete; George B. Underwood, then a writer for the New York Press; three other members of the Pickpocket Squad and myself went over to Harry Stevens' bar in the Garden and while chatting between rounds, someone remarked, "It wouldn't be well for a dip to come up here now," and all hands laughed.

It was pay day at Police Headquarters and the members of the "Finest" were flushed with jack. When the gang decided to quit to get a peep at the races, Sheridan grabbed the bill and shouted:

"This time I'm the goat." And with that, he put his hand into his hip pocket to take out his wallet, and let out a yell:

"Holy mackerel! They've got my purse!"

It wasn't even safe for the coppers at the old six-day bike races.

* * *

TERRY McGOVERN dropped in one night while he was featherweight champion of the world. The Terrible One had been lapping up champagne, and was in none too good a humor. Somehow or other he became mixed up in an argument with a newspaperman . . . a little fellow, who didn't know the fistic fame of the man he was quarreling with. One word led to another, and the journalist let one go from the hip.

The punch landed on Terry's protruding chin . . . and he went out like a light!

"Hey," yelped someone. "Do you know who that was you belted out?"

"No," said the scribe.

"Well, it's Terry McGovern!"

Boy, the newspaperman nearly fainted with surprise. He had always been a mild soul with no pugilistic inclinations, but that victory revamped him entirely. Some weeks later he picked a battle with a colored man, who went to work on him with a razor, and ended his fighting inclinations altogether.

* * *

WHEN Tex Rickard took over the Garden he was amazed at the madhouse the six-day night generated. Ole Tedge always wanted to play to the better class of people . . . the top hats and fat pocketbooks. Those folks were afraid to come to the Garden, because they didn't know at what moment a gang war might break out, with them in the middle.

Having spent a goodly part of his life on the frontiers of civilization, Tex had no illusions about how tough boys must be handled. Moral suasion was no good. You didn't go to them with Bible lessons in your hands . . . but with blackjacks swinging.

So he added an athletic, dark-faced young man named Johnny Broderick to his staff. John was a detective sergeant on the Radical Squad of the New York Police Department, and possessed a sentimental heart and hard hands. When he started to work on the rough boys, it was just too bad. He and his co-workers blackjacked their way through several races. It was an unpleasant sight to anyone with aesthetic feelings . . . but it worked.

After awhile the hard-boiled lads began to see that they could not use Madison Square Garden as a battle ground. The slippery-fingered gentry were given a dose of the same medicine. Both contingents took the hint. Eventually the six-day bike race became as well ordered as any other event staged in the most famous of all sporting arenas.

Now it is a common sight to see debutantes and their escorts going in to watch the two-thirty sprints in the morning, as confident of their safety as they would be in their own homes. The strongarms aren't needed any more. Quite a change from the old days. The thrills are all there minus those that the gangsters used to furnish.

The six-day bike race used to be something of a joke in New York . . . a very bad joke considering its surroundings . . . but in the past ten years it has become one of the most successful professional sports in the world.

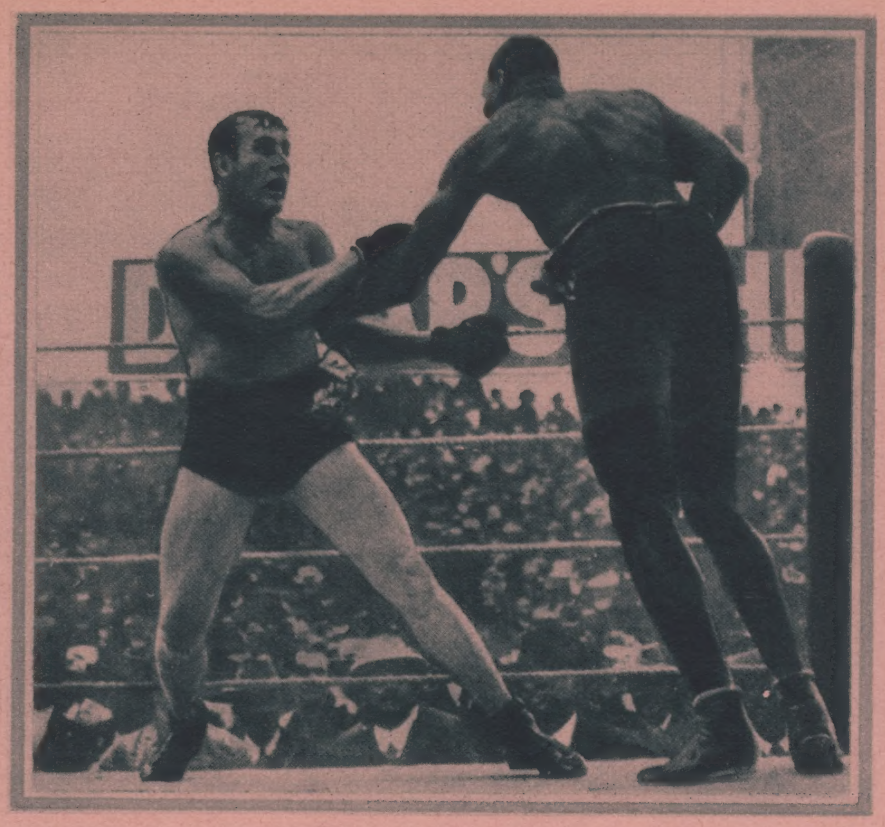
Burns Showed Way to "Golden Gate"

By TOM DORAN

IN an earlier era, December 26 was known as "Boxers' Day." It was considered a fine date for a fight show and boxers chosen to perform on that day considered it an accolade. Also, the few days preceding and following Boxers' Day were utilized by promoters everywhere for fistic programs. But that was years ago.

In these times a promoter would be regarded as considerably off his nut were he to arrange a big boxing card on December 26, or on any day close to it. It is taken for granted that the fans will not turn out in that particular period, being too much occupied otherwise with holiday making. Even if a promoter wished to stage a show he would find few fighters willing to work.

It shows how times change. In earlier times many a championship was decided in what may well be termed Boxers' Week. The heavyweight championship of the world changed hands on Christmas Day of 1908. It was at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, Australia, on that date that Jack Johnson ascended the heavyweight throne when he won from Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds. Police stopped the contest when it was evident that Burns had no chance to retain the heavyweight laurels.



Two scenes in the Johnson-Burns fight for the world's heavyweight championship at Sydney, Australia, on December 26, 1908, which led to big things in heavyweight ranks. The photo above was taken just before the bout was stopped, and that below in the sixth round.

It is the fashion nowadays to look upon Tommy Burns as an undersized heavyweight who achieved the championship largely on his own say so and, by losing it to Jack Johnson, precipitated a period of unrest and disquietude that ended only with the defeat of Johnson by Jess Willard at Havana. The appraisal is harsh, narrow and unjust. Burns missed greatness by a wide margin but he was a very good fighter and the claim he laid to the championship in 1906 was recognized by fistic authorities the world over.

It also may interest present-day fighters to know they are his debtors, for, possessed of a more active imagination than is common to the members of his craft, he was first to catch the glint of pugilism's golden gate. The day he drew $30,000 for his losing fight with Johnson at Rushcutter's Bay he put the game in the big money class. His successors have far exceeded the mark he set for them but he was the one who pointed the way.

That fight with Johnson was really the first of the big money battles. Burns pulled down $30,000 and Johnson $5,000. That was a tremendous purse in those days. It started a few promoters to thinking. A couple of years later, at Reno, Nev., Tex Rickard startled the world by putting up a purse of $101,000, for which Johnson and Jeffries fought on a basis of 60 per cent for the winner and 40 per cent for the loser.

Jeffries made more money out of that fight than any fighter ever before had collected. He received $40,400 as the loser's end of the $101,000 purse. Jeff was also paid $10,000 for training expenses. But it was from the sale of his rights in the moving pictures of the battle that Jeff made his richest haul. He accepted $66,666 for his share in the pictures and thus his total intake for that day's work was $117,066.

That was the first heavyweight championship fight promoted by Tex Rickard. Jack Gleason of San Francisco was associated with Rickard in the venture. Rickard, by the way, also acted as referee.

* * *

IN the days to come Rickard was to promote heavyweight matches which made the affair at Reno look puny in comparison. Rickard's peak was the second Tunney-Dempsey tilt in Chicago on September 22, 1927. On that occasion 104,943 persons kicked in with a total of $2,658,660, of which Tunney received just a few dollars less than an even million as his bit.

It would seem that the Madison Square Garden Corporation, for which Rickard acted in staging that fight, should have rolled up a tremendous profit, but according to the figures on the corporation's book the net profit was only about $240,000, less than one-fourth the amount Tunney collected.

The Johnson-Burns bout was forcefully recalled to the writer the other day when Jack Johnson, wearing the blue turban he now affects and not looking his 55 years, strolled into Madison Square Garden to peer at what now passes for a heavyweight fight. A few seconds later Burns came in and when he spied Johnson there was much business of handshaking and talking over the old times, especially of that red-letter day at Rushcutter's Bay.

Johnson has been through many an experience since the day he dethroned Burns, most of them unpleasant. Today Jack is very short in the pocketbook and is seeking to open a cabaret in New York to recoup his fallen fortunes. It is an old coincidence that Burns is and has been for many years in the cabaret business in New York and has done so well that he is counting on expanding his business interests, now that prohibition is no more.

Physically, both Johnson and Burns are in the best of health, with no ill effects from their strenuous life in the ring, which may be taken as sound evidence that the fight game need not necessarily take a heavy toll from the health of those who engage in it. There are countless other examples, such as Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who, strangely enough, also joined the gab-fest between Johnson and Burns.

Finally speaking, there is no similarity between Johnson and Burns. Johnson always was a free spender, so it is not strange that he finds his wallet painfully flat these days. Burns, on the contrary, is said still to possess the first penny he ever earned and on that foundation he has reared a comfortable fortune.

* * *

JACK LONDON, writing for the *New York Herald* syndicate, sent out a classic report of that historic battle of Rushcutter's Bay. Here is a portion of his report:

"The fight! There was no fight. No Armenian massacre could compare with the hopeless slaughter that took place in the Sydney Stadium to-day. It was not a case of "Too Much Johnson," but of all Johnson. A golden smile tells the story, and the golden smile was Johnson's.

"The fight, if fight it might be called, was like unto that between a Colossus and a toy automaton. It had all the seeming of a playful Ethiopian at loggerheads with a small and futile white man—of a grown man cuffing a naughty child; of a monologue by one Johnson, who made a noise with his fists like a lullaby, tucking one Burns into his little crib in Sleepy Hollow; of a funeral with Burns for the late deceased, Johnson for undertaker, gravedigger and sexton.

" * * * There was no fraction of a second in all the fourteen rounds that could be called Burns'. *So far as damage is concerned Burns never landed a blow.* He never phased the black man. It was not Burns' fault, however. He tried every moment throughout the fight except when he was groggy. It was hopeless, preposterous, heroic. He was a glutton for punishment, and he bored in all the time, but a dewdrop in Sheol had more chance than he with the giant Ethiopian.

" * * * Johnson play-acted all the time, and he played with Burns from the gong of the opening round to the finish of the fight. Burns was a toy in his hands. For Johnson it was a kindergarten romp.

"Hit here, Tahmy," he would say, exposing the right side of his unprotected stomach, and when Burns struck Johnson would neither wince nor cover up. Instead he would receive the blow with a happy, careless smile, directed at the spectators, turn the left side of his unprotected stomach and say, "Now here, Tahmy," and while Burns hit as directed Johnson would continue to grin and chuckle and smile his golden smile.

"One criticism, and only one, can be passed upon Johnson. In the thirteenth round he made the mistake of his life. He should have put Burns out. He could have put him out. It would have been child's play. Instead of which he smiled and deliberately let Burns live until the gong sounded, and in the opening of the fourteenth round the police stopped the fight and Johnson lost the credit of a knockout.

"But one thing remains, Jeffries must emerge from his alfalfa farm and remove that smile from Johnson's face. Jeff, it's up to you."

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GONE BAR-

By A. D. PHILLIPS

New York's Octogenarian Sports Writer

A scene in Harry Hill's on Houston and Crosby Streets, New York City.

THE prohibition era is a thing of the past. Gone are the shackles that manacled the hands of American liberty for a decade and a half, and gone with it are the saloons that flourished when Grandpa was a Kid —the back-room drink emporiums, the notorious dives of hell where women of ill repute associated with gangsters in luring prosperous prospects for a drugging and subsequent robbery. Throughout the States, legislation has been enacted to prevent the return of these old time dives, and with drinking freedom restored, drunkenness, thievery, debauchery and other forms of vice are not likely to be returned.

In looking through the old files of the *Police Gazette,* we find many illustrations of interest in these repeal days. It was the old time bar-room that found its way into pictures and stories in the days when the Bowery of New York City was America's most noted haven of thieves, cutthroats and women of the streets.

Yet, with the exception of the locality, there wasn't such a big difference between those days and the prohibition age. The biggest difference was in the swanky speakeasy taking the place of the filthy back-room of the old dives; the better-dressed and probably more cultured loose women plying their trade on the country hicks who were looking for a thrill in the "big city"; the bootlegger who steered clear of the guardians of the law through bribery and the use of the black-jack and gun; the "big shots" of gangland who ruled the roost in sections of the country in which they operated either through choice or through arrangements with rival gangs and the development of a new class of hard liquor drinkers—the girls in their teens and the youth who often still wore knickerbockers.

Right—A drawing in Harper's Weekly that illustrated the ballad, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now."

And here we have one of Cruikshank's most famed illustrations depicting vice in the liquor emporiums in dear old London. This illustration was used widely by the sponsors of prohibition in this country.

are the ROOM DAYS

An engraving that was published in Massachusetts, in 1863, depicting the Devil's Train on the "Black Valley Railroad." The train is pulling around "Drunkard's Curve." This was used as an 'Ad' against liquor in Maine.

Scenes like this one were frequent in the old Bowery dives.

Around the high spots in Grandpa's days there grew up endless scandals. Systematic murders, kidnappings of wealthy men who were lured to hop joints and back-rooms by some "winsome" dame, the practice of the badger game on unsuspecting victims who paid high ransom to prevent exposure and debaucheries that were exposed only in Richard K. Fox's *Police Gazette*. These all found their counterpart in the prohibition era that has just been banished, in places where the sucker was trimmed to the queen's taste, the modern "clip joints."

Literature that has become classic is associated with the good old bar-room days, most famous of which were the pathetic poems, "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor," "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" and "Father, dear Father, Come Home with Me Now."

Just pipe the scene at Harry Hill's on Houston and Crosby Streets. Unlike McGlory or McGurk's "Murder Den" on the Bowery and Third Street and Geoghegan's joints, Hills' was more refined and it was there that the "swells" went for their amusement and sightseeing.

And note the scene at The Allen's Bal Mabille. That was one of the worst joints in New York, a haven for vice. See the woman pickpocket robbing a "guest" who has gotten

(*Continued on page* 14)

And here is a scene in "McGurk's," on the Bowery and Third Street, one of the worst joints in "Old New York." Dizzy dames and dangerous jilts and jades of the Chinatown district of New York mingled with the sports in this dive.

BRITE LITE LOWDOWN

By LEE LEWIS

Picking the Winners

A chappie writes in telling us he and his frail have enough mazuma to attend five shows. What five do we suggest, he queries. Well, here goes: *"Sailor Beware"* at the Lyceum because it's rough, riotous and ribald. *"As Thousands Cheer"* at the Music Box because it's tuneful, terse and teasing. *"The Green Bay Tree"* at the Cort, because it's stark, sensual and startling. *"Three and One"* at the Longacre, because it's witty, wise and willing. *"The Pursuit of Happiness"* because it's bawdy, bad bundling! There, gentle reader, now you have it!

A Dime! Ten Cents!

If you're interested in the real Clara Bow, the hotcha, hip-weaving dame beneath all the trappings of publicity, hie you to the nearest cinema cave showing her latest offering, *"Hoopla"* and feast your optics on Clara in the raw! Cast as the head lady of a sideshow, Clara gives it to the boys in a costume hardly big enough for a flea, and has she got it to give, dunt esk! If the rumors that Clara is severing the Bow-Bell knot are true, the Lewis latch-key is hanging out for her. Hoopla! What we could do with Clara!

Picture Winners

So many swell letters poured into this department in the last two weeks, that we have decided to award *four* pictures instead of the customary one. The following original photographs will be sent to the following letter writers, and many, many thanks gentlemen! Bubbles Yvonne to *Herbert Barker* of Providence, R. I., Carol Lopez to *Jack A. Conner* of Titusville, Pa., Sally Rand to *Charles E. Service* of St. Louis, Mo., and Jeanne Lopez to *Alex Pressley* of Providence, R. I. Come on you picture snatchers, drop us a line and win a photo of any of the babes on this page. The more the merrier. All we ask is a criticism of the POLICE GAZETTE, but it must be honest! The best letter wins!

Things I Never Knew (and Still Don't)

That 53d Street in New York, from the East River to the Hudson, contains 42 bordellos according to a confrere's count. I don't believe it! No one man could come out of 42 and still talk! . . . Why the week of December 11th, is called "Cheese Week?" It smells like a political gesture! . . . Why they soak you 25c for a pack of Luckies at a football game? . . . Why they pad Mae West's hips for her pictures? . . . How they get away with those ribald ditties at "Hot Feet" in the Village?

Reggie White, one of the lovely girls now appearing at the Gaiety Theatre in Baltimore. (Strand.)

Jean and JoeAnne Carroll, two of the Wilner Wonder Wheel girls, who form a sister team.

John Hix on China

If you listen to Johnny Hix, pilot of the "Strange As It Seems" feature in our local prints, the following facts can be dug up concerning the Clever Chinee: If you surprise a Chinese girl in the nude, the first thing she'll cover is her feet! American girls, please copy! When one Chinaman meets another, they both shake hands with themselves! Heh! Heh! Please to meet cha Mister Lewis! A Chinaman scratches his foot when puzzled! And then they get athlete's foot! Chinese eat their dessert first, build crooked bridges to sidetrack evil spirits, wear white when mourning, put on their hats in greeting, and one thing that Johnny forgot, tear my silk shirts when they wash 'em.

Tee! Hee!

Grabbing a midnight snack at one of the Village slopoterias, we watched a pansy tip-toe in and after eyeing everyone in the jernt make a bee-line for Bunny Simms and Grace Duvine, two Burlesque chorines sipping their after-show coffee. The tittery one plopped himself down at the girls' table and began rolling his eyes. Bunny, who is as tough as they travel, and likes her men manly, motioned with her thumb for the pansy to scram. "Beat it or I'll give you a bust in the mouth!" she chortled. The dainty

dear looked down at Bunny's rather prominent bosom and licked his thin lips. "Would you, really?" he tittered!

Things You Never Knew (and Probably Didn't Care)

Joan Crawford is carting her little lamb (Franchot Tone) wherever she goes and she goes pu'lenty places . . . People never "die of *thirst.*" You can be thirsty as a sponge, but as long as your body has water, you'll live. That doesn't apply to a gin thirst, though . . . Bob Maxwell, whose "Hot Footin' It" column was never as funny as its author, will shortly play ring-around-the-finger with a girl who doesn't know how well off she is—single! . . . A girl named Alma Mater lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. We wonder who her Alma Pappy is? . . . Two parts of gin, one part of muscatel wine, bunches of chipped ice and we'll be seeing you—potted. Two hookers of al-koh-hall, one hooker of corn syrup and a glass of vichy makes an evening's guzzle-liquid warranted to do things . . . If you bite your nails, a New York department store will sell you attachable nails in every shade for 94 centimes . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s contract has not been renewed. Tough luck. See top of this bit . . . tougher luck! . . . Buy a couple of pair of those cellophane panties for your hot moment. A good lover should *see* his sweetie!

Lilian Harvey, a noted Fox player.

Two of a Kind

The Carroll Sisters (Jean and Joan), featured on the cover of the last issue of the P. G., were both beauty prize winners, Jean being Miss Southern California, 1932, and Joan, Miss Hollywood, the same year. Mama and Papa Carrol were legit performers, and the sisters started their theatrical career as a child team in San Antonio, Texas, twelve years ago. They are probably the only real strip sister team in burlesque and both have gorgeous bodies. Joan collects stray dogs and cats and Jean collects Joan when she's out collecting stray dogs and cats! They are now featured in the Wilner Wonder Wheel opus, "Hi De Ho," and will probably barge into your city any day now. Introduce yourself and say "hello" for us!

The Customers Go Rand-y

Fully ninety percent of picture requests revolve about the little blonde fan dancer, Sally Rand (who used to be known as Billie Beck) which we published a few issues ago. Inasmuch as there was only one shot of Sally, only one letter writer can win it. However, since the fair, feathered femme seems to appeal, we are arranging the publication of another view of her—er—fans. If it's not on the page of this issue, look for it on the next.

Ginger Rogers, an RKO player, in her new picture, "Professional Sweetheart."

Dear Mr. Lewis

"As I am one of the female fans of the POLICE GAZETTE," writes Mrs. G. B. Dillan, "I would like to suggest you print some articles on feminine beauty . . . I'm sure it would make a hit with your women readers." O. K. Mrs. Dillan, if enough femme fans are interested, that we will.

"I have a kick coming about the pictures," complains J. W. Donaldson. "You do not have enough of them. If you put the stuff on the line you can make this magazine the real stuff again. Fill it full of pictures and give us less stuff about things that are dead." We're with ya, J. W. You draw the line and we'll put the *stuff* on it!

"When my husband and I were first married about five years ago," confides Mrs. Frank Williams, "he was then, as he is now, reading the POLICE GAZETTE. Since it has changed hands I find it much improved. Can I hand you a medal for——" Sorry, Mrs. W., no medals allowed!

Ivo DuVall pens: "Am enjoying 'Midtown Hotel'. How about some more recipes for drinks. Bring on some true stories like 'Going to Hell'. Your magazine is swell!" You like the P. G., don't you Ivo?

Around Town . . .

Visitors to the Big City often take quite a shine to the Harlem Hot Foot parlors, where you can dance with hostesses the color of burnt sugar and like it. The *Savoy Ballroom* leads in this direction . . . Barbara Denning, blonde charmer now at liberty, is plotting a dance hall of her own. Three years of footin' it have given her plenty of backers . . . Edna Harris, if she's still at *Honeymoon Lane,* merits attention . . . *Roseland* has been on the Main Stem for fourteen years . . . Hope Shivers, dark-eyed siren, is reputed the only real American Indian dance hostess alive . . . The *Orpheum* dance place is seventeen years old . . . We'll be glad to suggest places to go if you'll write. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope, please.

NO FAT FOR

By JACK KOFOED

Winnie Lightner, pretty and popular comedienne, shows how to keep the sweet sixteen figure.

WOMEN are not supposed to have the same competitive instinct as men . . . but this is not invariably true. The Russian Battalion of Death . . . the naked Amazons who fought the Foreign Legion hand to hand is proof of that, but there is additional evidence scattered through the archives of sport.

In London, for instance, there are boxing clubs made up of women. They fight as hard as men do, and are incredibly more vicious. During more than one of these matches the victor insisted on standing with one foot on the vanquished girl's chest while friends took photographs of her in that pose.

The Germany of a few years ago went in for finish fights between women. Taffy haired girls from North Berlin . . . brunettes from Hesse . . . redheads from Brandenburg fought with their fists for the delectation of café patrons. These sights were not pretty, but they did prove that the female of the species does not lack in the physical courage.

Women, of course, do not possess the physical armament with which men are endowed. They can't take the same punishment or deal it out. But in fortitude these girls are surely the equal of any men.

Even here, in rare occasions, a woman proves her right to pace along with men. There was Gertrude Ederle, for instance. Big and strong as any male, she ploughed through the rough and icy waters of the English Channel, the first person of her sex to conquer the crossing. Besides, she did it in faster time than most males who have accomplished the same feat.

* * *

I ONCE talked with Glenna Collett, greatest of American women golfers, about the eternal conflict between the sexes.

"We'll never be able to compete on equal terms with men," she said. "We may have a smooth swing and as great delicacy on the greens . . . but we simply haven't got their power. For instance, when I hit a 225-yard drive it's good for me. But Bobby Jones, and fifty other fellows, will bash one fifty or sixty yards further. I have to use a brassie or spoon while they take the much more accurate four or five iron. There's the difference, and I don't believe we'll ever catch up to them in that department."

Occasionally a woman built on the mastadonic lines of Enid Wilson comes along . . . a woman who can hammer a golf ball almost as far as any man. But even the Miss Wilsons can't keep up with the Hagens and Diegels and Mehlhorns.

The same thing is true with tennis. Helen Wills has been indisputably the best of her sex for a decade . . . but any one of the ten leading men players could take her over the hurdles in her best days.

The point I'm making is that women, no matter how high their courage or great their skill, are too greatly handicapped physically to beat star men performers.

I remember years ago as a youngster, women wrestlers who performed with circuses and burlesque shows. They were powerful females, who knew lots of wrestling and jiu jitsu tricks, and were able to throw the average man who came out of the audience. But what chance would they have with a professional matman of even the same weight? Not a bit. Even the most enthusiastic booster of women athletes would admit that.

* * *

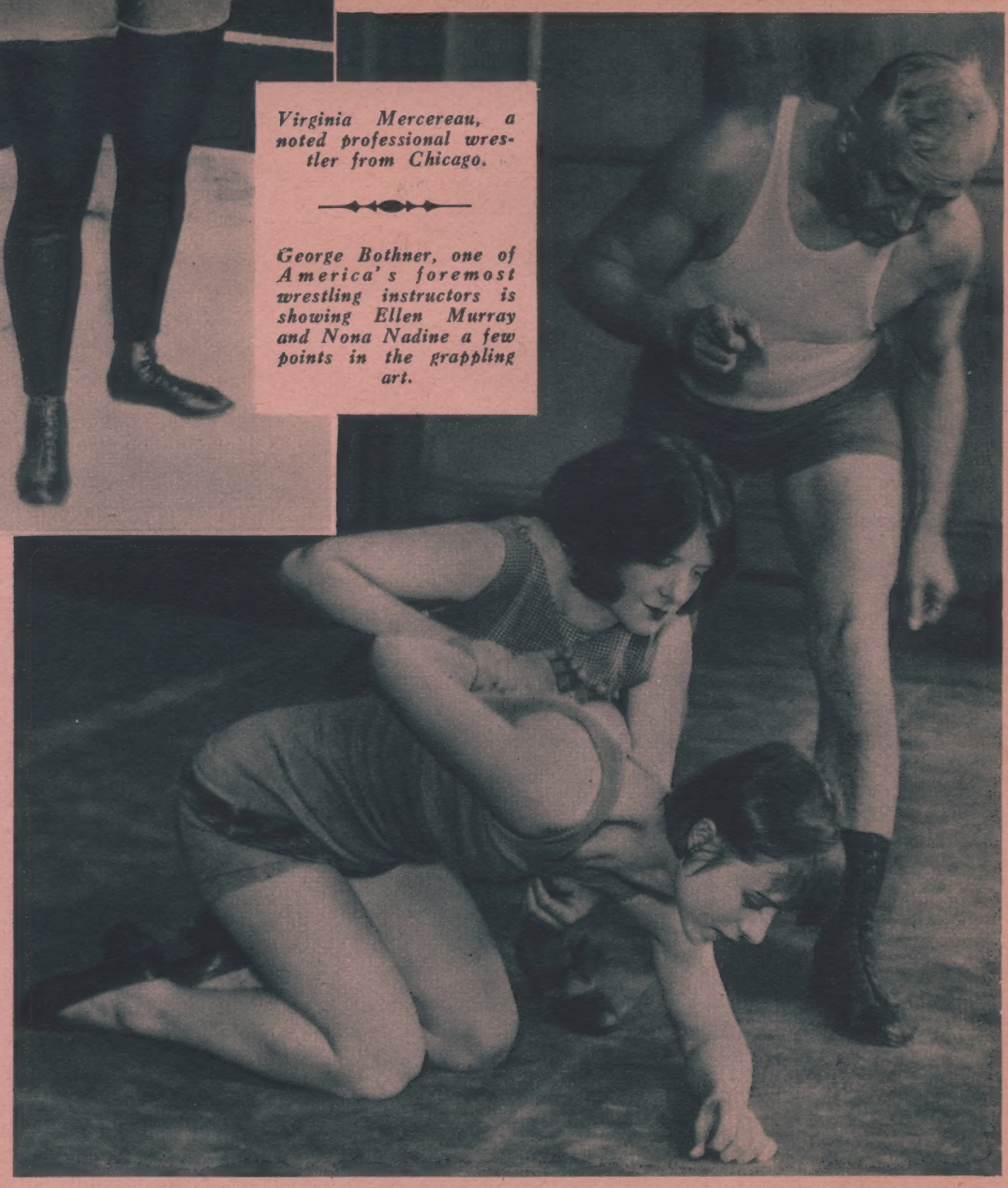
STILL, there is this to say: In the short time women have been competing athletically they have improved to a greater extent than men. Thirty years ago the lady golf champion of these United States could not break a hundred. To-day the best of the female golfers are regularly in the 70s . . . and Miss Collett and Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd have even shot 68s.

The best girl runner of the late '90s couldn't have kept within fifteen yards of Babe Didrikson in a hundred yard dash. In short, all current performers look like a million dollars to a plugged nickel compared with the lasses who put on bustles when they dressed up.

Women are developing physically. They are becoming taller and more muscular, but even this trend of evolu-

Virginia Mercereau, a noted professional wrestler from Chicago.

George Bothner, one of America's foremost wrestling instructors is showing Ellen Murray and Nona Nadine a few points in the grappling art.



THESE FEMMES

Boxing is the latest sport pursued by the girls who are anxious to retain slim bodies. Here is a class lined up under the watchful eyes of an instructor.

Here's one, girls! Try this reducing exercise that Jewel Richford, toe dancer, is illustrating.

tion probably will not put them on a physical parity with the sterner sex for some centuries . . . if ever.

In twenty years of covering sports, I have seen many girls in action. Who was the gamest? Well, it's a little hard to say, but I think no woman ever exceeded Mary K. Browne. She was, you remember, semi-finalist in the National tennis championship, and finalist in the National golf championship in the same year . . . which is a high mark of versatility.

I remember most clearly her triumph over Glenna Collett in the latter event. Mary was one down at the last hole. Her drive left her half stymied by a tree, and she was 200-yards from the green. Glenna's ball glistened in the middle of the fairway. Miss Browne hooked a spoon shot around that tree, the ball coming to rest three feet from the pin. She won that hole and the extra one . . . and squeezed out a victory when nothing but defeat seemed possible.

Yes, sir, I'll take off my hat to the courage of the athletic ladies. They don't know what the word quit means . . .

Perhaps I'm old fashioned, though, but I don't like to see women engaged in finish fights . . . to see blood smeared across their pretty faces and hear them panting hoarsely for breath. They can take it . . . but I don't like to see it.

Ruby Allen, right, and May Stein, illustrating the wrist lock. Ruby is in a class by herself as a female mat star.

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MIDTOWN HOTEL

By GEOFFREY HARWOOD

(CONCLUDED)

HE PICKED up the table as though it were a napkin, and brought it down with all his force on Al's head. Al went out like a light, without even a groan. Phil Dugan hit Red in the mouth with a stinging left and Red knocked out Sammy's front teeth. Sammy retreated, screaming like a woman, spitting blood and teeth onto the rug. Tommy Drake jumped on Red's back and seized him round the neck. Red backed up and crashed Tommy against the wall. Patsy Verona had picked up a chair and was trying to get into action with it. Tommy was slowly choking Red, and Phil was beating him around the face. Sammy was crying, and Al was still out.

Red suddenly pulled Tommy off his back, wheeled on him and smashed him full on the jaw with a terrific swing. Tommy hurtled across the room and landed in the pit of Al's stomach. Then Red turned his attention to Patsy. He rushed him, and before Patsy realized what had happened, Red had kicked him viciously in the groin. Patsy screamed, doubled up and dropped in a heap. His face was contorted with agony and he was sobbing for breath. Red made for Phil, the only man on his feet.

For a few seconds they traded swings in the center of the room, then Red let him have it. He stopped a tremendous right hook which almost broke his nose, then he backed Phil against the wall and systematically cut him to ribbons. He hit him ten times, not hard enough to knock him out, but hard enough to make him shriek for mercy.

Red cursed, he shouted, he bellowed oaths. Then he bore in and slammed Phil brutally in the pit of the stomach. Phil doubled up, and his descending chin was met with a right uppercut that almost took his head from his shoulders. He collapsed. Red turned, red-eyed and panting.

His clothes were torn off him, his face was a mask of blood, and his knuckles were in shreds. He was breathing heavily, but there was a mad light in his eyes. He advanced on Sammy. Sammy raised his hands in front of his face and shivered.

"Gee," he said, "don't hit me again!"

"Get out!" thundered Red. Sammy edged towards the door. Red unlocked and opened it, then seizing Sammy by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his pants, lifted him as he would an empty suit-case and flung him out into the hall. Sammy picked himself up and ran for the elevator. Red looked about him.

Al was still unconscious, and there was a terrific lump on his head. He was bleeding like a gutted steer, and he seemed not to breathe. Red dragged him out of the room and along the hall to the freight elevator. When the door slid open, he said, "Take this and wait! I've got some more inside." The elevator man looked at him in terror, and helped him pull Al inside. Red went back to the room.

Phil was coming to. He was sitting up, and his eyes were open. When he saw Red, he gasped and his teeth started to chatter. Red lifted him to his feet, steadied him and then hit him with all his might on the jaw. Phil crumpled, and went limp. Red tossed him on top of Al.

Tommy Drake was still out, and he was easily disposed of. Patsy Verona was lying in a twisted heap, and he was groaning piteously. Red marched over to him.

"Get up!" he said, thickly.

"I can't . . . I can't! Gee . . . you've killed me! I can't breathe!"

"Get up, you lousy son-of-a-gun, before I kick your teeth down your throat."

"I can't get up. So help me, God, I can't get up. You've kicked my guts out."

Red clenched his fists again, and the light in his eyes was madder than ever. Blood was trickling into his mouth, and the taste of it infuriated him. Through clenched teeth, he said,

"If you don't get up, I'm going to walk all over you. And I weigh 260 pounds."

"Oh, ye gods, lay off of me, will-yuh? Let me die."

With a yell, Red reached down and gathered the howling Patsy in his arms. The rough movement was torture, and tears of anguish were coursing down his cheeks. Red carried him to the freight elevator, and dropped him unceremoniously to the floor. Then he faced the terror-stricken operator. He said,

"Take those guys downstairs, and throw 'em out into the street. I don't think they'll want to come back." Then he got in with the gory cargo. "Let me off at the third," he said.

The operator slid the door to, and the elevator started to move. Looking at Red, he said mildly,

"Was there a fight?"

"No," growled Red. "Me and the boys was playing checkers, and we got to throwing paper at each other."

"I see," said the elevator man. "It must've been tough paper."

"It was. It ain't no good for any other purpose."

"Yeah," agreed the other. "A lot o' that paper's like that. I knew a dame once——"

"Keep it clean," said Red.

"That's what she was doin'. Lemme tell you."

"Shut up, for God's sake! Let me off here."

Red went to his room and looked at himself in the mirror. After he had washed away some of the blood, he discovered that he had the makings of a beautiful shiner, his nose was sore as hell, and his lip was badly cut.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Georgie Clark, appearing at the Hudson Theatre, Union City. (*Strand.*)

FREAKS *in* SPORTS

By JACK KOFOED

EVERY sport has notable figures that may be described as "freaks"; I mean to say that physically or mentally they wander far off the beaten track.

One of the currently notable examples is "Man Mountain" Dean, a wrestler who has made a small fortune during the past year. Dean weighs 310 pounds. He is a huge mass of a man made doubly ferocious by a bristling beard. Born in Hell's Kitchen, New York, he became a wanderer early in life, and worked for a time as a traffic policeman in Miami. His name is Levitt, but "Man Mountain" Dean proved of much better box office value.

The giant didn't click until he was thirty-nine years old . . . far past the usual deadline of athletic success. He isn't a good wrestler in the sense that he knows anything about the scientific end of the game, but since he is thirty pounds heavier than the next bigger man in the mat game, Tiny Roebuck, he caught the fancy of the spectators, and has been immensely busy.

* * *

BOB FITSIMMONS was the freakiest of the fighting brigade. He had the shoulders and torso of a heavyweight, and skinny pipe-stem legs. Though he hardly ever passed the middleweight limit so far as weight is concerned, he was perfectly capable of meeting the best of the big men . . . and beating them, too. As a hitter, he had few equals in ring history.

They tell of one occasion when he visited Jim Jeffries' house. It was a warm afternoon, and they took off their coats while they chatted. When Ruby Robert was ready to go he accidentally donned the garment belonging to the huge boilermaker . . . and it fitted him perfectly! Jeff weighed 225 pounds, and Fitz 165, so you can see how much of the Cornishman's avoirdupois was packed around his shoulders.

* * *

BASEBALL'S greatest freak? There never was one to match Rube Waddell. He had the mind and great good nature of a child . . . but no pitcher ever possessed greater natural ability.

He had a habit of ducking off whenever the mood seized him, and staying away as long as he liked no matter how much the team might need him. Once he was away for several weeks, and when he finally came home with a penitent grin on his face, Connie Mack took him to task.

"I don't suppose you're in shape to work, are you?" the manager demanded.

"Sure, I am," chortled Rube. "Why, I pitched seven games during the past week for a semi-pro team up in Pennsylvania . . . and I turned in six shutouts!"

That stunt should have wearied and perhaps damaged the arm of any moundsman, but when the angry Mack sent his ace left hander into action that afternoon Waddell blanked Cleveland with two hits! That rubber wing of his was never sore.

When I use the word "freak" it is not meant in a derogatory sense at all, but simply to imply the unusual.

* * *

In Golf and Tennis

THE queerest of golfers is Clarence Gambler. You can take all the big hitters you want . . . Jones, Mehlhorn, Tolley, Rogers, and then I'll call on Mr. Gamber. When he belts a golf ball it stays belted. Why, I saw him in the Open championship at Winged Foot, wallop drives that you would not have believed possible.

Clarence came to one hole that is 320-yards long, with a very tightly trapped green.

Afraid that he might drive into them, he took a spoon . . . and even with that club, smashed one into the sand, hole-high.

A hitter from 'way back, that guy . . . yet I don't recall that he has ever broken 80 in a National championship. You'd think a fellow who could get as much distance as Gamber does would eventually tie up some accuracy with it, too, wouldn't you? But the big chap just goes along smashing out those prodigious drives of his, and never getting anywhere in the Open Golf Championship.

* * *

IN tennis I would nominate Red McLaughlin. He burned across the firmament of sport for several years, and then flickered out like a falling star. No man ever matched his flaming speed on the court, and his cannon-ball service made tennis history.

The basis of McLaughlin's game was speed. He had it to waste. When it left him he had nothing. He was through, and realizing it, McLaughlin quit the game for good.

The "freak" is always a good box office attraction, because he is unusual. As a general thing he doesn't last very long . . . though Fitzsimmons was a very brilliant exception to that rule . . . but he does very well for himself while he is in there.

The great performers of every sport are usually more or less orthodox. This is true of Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Lefty Grove . . . almost any sporting immortal you care to name. They may develop their own particular styles, but those styles are based on orthodox grounds. Occasionally there is an exception to the rule, but he crops up only once in a blue moon. By far the most discussed freak in sport in recent years is Primo Carnera, the Venetian Behemoth. His general build makes him a subject extraordinary. He has tremendously large feet, big paws and a most peculiar shaped head.

One of the freaks in the present era of sports—"Man Mountain" Dean, formerly Soldier Levitt, whose beard has proved quite a box office attraction. Until two years ago the "Man Mountain" was a traffic cop at Miami, Florida, but chasing motorists is not as lucrative as chasing the rival pachyderms out of the ring, hence Dean has decided to stick to the mat sport. Here he is shown training with his wife, his manager.

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Midtown Hotel

(*Continued from page 12*)

There was a gash on his head which he did not remember getting, and his fists were swollen and badly battered. He daubed himself with iodine, and went into the other room.

For the next half hour he applied himself diligently to the bottle, and when it was finished, he walked over to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

Ann's voice greeted him from the other end. He said, "Take 1406 out of the rack, and don't put it back. I don't think those guys'll be here any more."

"Okay. What're you doing, Red?"

"Drinking. What d'you care?"

"Say, did I ever tell you I was nuts about you, Red?"

"I don't know. But I know you are."

"What're you going to do about it?"

"I'll tell you, baby. You lose your job tonight."

"Yeah? How come?"

"I'm firing you."

Ann laughed. "You? Since when've you been the boss?"

"I ain't the boss yet. But before the night's over, I will be."

There was a silence, then Ann spoke again. She said, "What the hell're you talking about, Red?"

"You'll find out. In the meantime, get me a number, willyuh?"

"Sure. What is it?" He told her and he could hear her dialing it. A gruff voice reached his ear. Red said, "That you, Marty?"

"Yeah."

"This is Red Mitchell."

"Yeah."

"Listen, at eleven o'clock tonight, I want you to send over a dozen of the toughest looking muggs you can find. Get me?"

"Where d'you want 'em at?"

"The Midtown Hotel. You know where that is?"

"What d'yuh want tough muggs over there for? Ain't they got enough?"

"Yeah, but they ain't tough enough. I got some work for 'em to do."

"What sort of work?"

"Just stand around the lobby of the joint and look pretty. There's a sawbuck in it for 'em."

"Okay. I'll come along wit' 'em."

"You ain't tough enough."

"What the hell d'you mean, I ain't tough enough. I licked the hell outa you, din'I?"

"I was plastered. You couldn't do it again."

"I'm coming wit' the guys anyway. I need the dough. What wit' repeal an' everythin'—this racket ain't what it used to be."

"Okay. See you later." They hung up, and Red went downstairs. He shoved his battered face through the window of the switchboard, and said to Ann, "If you ask me if I've been in a fight, I'll break that stool over your head. Is Harvey Black in?"

"Yeah. Why?"

Red's eyes narrowed, and his voice was hoarse when he replied, "It don't matter why. I wanna see that guy, that's all."

Ann gazed at him fondly. "What's this about me being fired?" she wanted to know.

Red said, "After tonight, I'm running this joint, and I ain't going to have my wife taking chit-chat on a telephone."

"I ain't your wife," said Ann, haughtily.

"You soon will be. So long."

Before she could answer him, he was gone. Without knocking, he opened the door of Black's office and walked in. Black glanced up.

"What d'you want?" he demanded. "And what've you been doing to yourself?"

"I wanna see you," said Red harshly, "and what I've been doin' to myself ain't nothing to what I'll do to you if you don't talk turkey."

Black's face whitened. "What d'you mean?" he said, through drying lips.

"I want this hotel," said Red relentlessly.

Harvey Black said nothing, but his beady eyes blinked uncertainly when Red lumbered across the office and sat down on his desk. He had known Red for years; but he never remembered seeing this particular look in his eyes, and his cuts and bruises made him look more like a beast than a man. Red leaned over the desk, and his liquor-laden breath scorched Black's face. He said,

"Listen, you louse; you may've thought you was putting something over on me. But you didn't, see? I know that you made me take the rap over the last little deal of ours, and I know that you skipped out, leaving me to hold the bag. I held it for some time in a stinking cell." He spat noisily onto the rug.

"Just a minute, Red . . ." began Black.

"Shut your trap," said Red, softly, "or I'll ram this dam' desk down your lousy throat. You may've thought it was a coincidence that I happened in here the morning you was looking for somebody to clean out this joint for you. It wasn't. I heard that you'd chiseled this hotel out of the broke owners, and I came around. Now, I'm gonna chisel it out of you."

Black studied him fearfully. The mad light in his eyes was still there, and Black wished to God he had never seen this man. After a while, he said,

"How d'you propose doing it?"

Red leered. "I'm gonna offer you half as much as you paid for it—and you're gonna take it, see?"

Black laughed: but there was no humor in it. He said, "You must be crazy. I've already spent ten thousand dollars for alterations, and in another week or so, after all the bums have been kicked out, we ought to be benefiting by the advertising I've been doing."

"Nothing could be sweeter," agreed Red. "I'm getting in on a going concern."

Black showed the first spark of guts. He said, "You're getting out . . . and you're getting out *now!*"

Red got down off the desk, and Black stood up. His hands were trembling, and he looked as if he were going to cry. In a murderous voice, Red said, "Listen, buddie, I'm on the level, see? And this is what I'm going to do. First, I'm going to give you the biggest beatin' you've ever had, and then I'm goin' to play the ace. Unless I stop 'em, at eleven o'clock this evening twelve of the toughest customers you've ever seen're going to check in here. You thought the other bunch was tough?" He laughed. "You ain't seen nothin' yet! Wait till you get an eyeful o' this mob! And you thought the other crowd was in with the cops, huh?" He leaned forward impressively. "These boys *run* the cops," he finished.

Black looked at him, and there were tears of frustration in his eyes. After a while, he said, "You lousy double-crosser." Then he sat down, and dropped his head to his hands.

"Who wins?" asked Red, mildly.

Black looked up, and once again he showed a little spirit. "I think you're kidding," he said. Red glanced at his watch.

He said, "It's just eleven. Come with me, buddie." To make certain that Black would comply with his demand, he wrapped his iron fingers around Black's thin upper arm, and steered him to the door. Red opened it, and the two of them gazed out into the lobby.

Grouped around the desk was the toughest assortment of yeggs, muggs, rodmen, and gorillas ever seen outside of a movie studio. They were all talking at the top of their voices, out of the sides of their mouths, and, one by one, the regular guests were stealing out. Apart from them, the lobby was deserted.

"Nice lads," said Red, affectionately. "There ain't one of them who hasn't bumped some guy. Most of 'em's pretty good marksmen. The little guy in the corner once rubbed out seven guys in one afternoon." Black said nothing, but with a helpless shrug of his shoulders pulled Red back into the office.

Red released him, and Black went to his desk and sat down. In a calm and brittle voice, he said,

"You win, Red; but I'll get you for this if it takes me the rest of my life."

Red's mouth hardened. "A few more cracks like that," he said, "and that won't be a long time."

Black spread his hands, and with the gesture seemed to concede the whole thing. He said,

"How d'you intend to pay for this place?"

"In notes," replied Red. "Not bank notes, either. I ain't even going to give you a nickel on account."

Black leaned forward. "You've got me," he admitted. "But you listen to me. If you're late with one of those notes, I'll hound you to the ends of the earth."

Red laughed, walked over to the desk and wrapped the telephone cord around his wrist. One heave and the bell-box was wrenched from the wall.

"I'm going to get lawyers, now," he said. "In the meantime, you're staying here. It's more comfortable than the place you had me locked in—but, what the hell?" He went out, locked the door and pocketed the key. Then he strolled across the lobby, whispered something to Marty, and the twelve muggs filed noisily out. Then Red marched over to the switchboard. Leaning through the window, he said,

"Bring your gum and get the hell outa there. You're through."

Obediently, Ann collected together her things, got up and came through the door leading to the lobby. She stood there, there was a smile on her face, and she was looking up at Red with eyes that said it in letters three feet high. With a total disregard for the bell-hops, clerks and elevator men, Red took her in his arms and kissed her.

"God, Red," breathed Ann, "in the lobby'n'all!"

"Yeah—wait'll I get you upstairs."

"What then, Red?"

"I'm going to do you more good with massage than a girdle would in twenty years."

"Oh, Red . . . I'm nuts about you."

"Sure," said Red complacently, "I know it. Come on."

They disappeared into an elevator, and the Midtown Hotel was not the only thing that changed hands that night.

THE END

Gone Are Bar-Room Days

(*Continued from page 7*)

into a fight with a "comer-on" for the purpose of giving the dame a chance to ply her trade.

And then look at the Cruikshank and Harper illustrations that were no different from those our blue law agitators published time and again to force prohibition on the country. And they did succeed? We'll say they did!

Punching the Bag

A FELLOW never knows where he will wind up in the fight game. . . . Tommy Loughran, who began as a lightweight, fighting 135-pounders, not long ago gave a boxing lesson to Ray Impellittiere, a 255-pounder. . . . Tommy's own weight advanced from 135 to 185 in his fifteen years of campaigning. . . . Impellittiere scaled 340 when he started training to be a fighter. . . . He worked down to 225 for Loughran, or 85 less than when he started, while Tommy in that scrimmage was 50 pounds heavier than when he began tossing leather. Kid Chocolate launched his career as an amateur at the age of ten, when he tipped the beam at 52 pounds. . . . For years the Cuban has been trying to pack enough weight onto his frame to be a legitimate lightweight. . . . He finally succeeded, when he scaled 130 for his recent joust with Tony Canzoneri. . . . Chocolate was knocked out in the second round, the first time in his ten years of battling that he had suffered that experience. . . . The funny part of it is that when Chocolate weighing only 124, boxed Canzoneri for the lightweight title a couple of years ago, he came very close to taking the decision over Tony. . . . It looks like the Kid is better at 124 than at 130.

RABBIT FINISHED *at* LAST

By GEORGE DRURY

RABBIT MARANVILLE, who was forty-one on November 11, is through as a regular on the Boston Braves. THE POLICE GAZETTE is informed that Bill McKechnie is trying to place Maranville as a manager in the minor leagues. Bill still is talking Maranville to Cincinnati—that is, if the Reds really intend to get rid of Donie Bush, which now is very doubtful. Boston tried to hand the Rabbit to the Reds last Winter but it did not take.

Maranville hit only .218 in 143 games last season and all the old guy could drive in was thirty-eight runs. When the Braves needed him most, in that big series with the Giants, the Rabbit cut loose and gave all. He looked pretty good. But for most of the season the little guy with the basket catch was very bad with the bat, and when his legs tired in July, he looked pretty sad in the field.

Maranville has been playing ball in the National League since 1912, when he came to Boston from New Bedford. For an infielder to last so long in the Big Show is phenomenal. However, the Rabbit has been a phenomenal ball player. Judge Fuchs, who runs the Braves, is very fond of Maranville. Otherwise the Rabbit would have been released last Winter.

Baseball has gained a lot through the colorful Rabbit and his going will mean a real loss to the game, and to the National League. However, let it be said that Fuchs will not toss the Rabbit out on his ear. If Maranville cannot land with another club he will sit on the Boston bench—perhaps be converted into a coach to take the place of Duffy Lewis, who came out of the American League. The Braves will not forsake the Rabbit.

* * *

The Fans Wonder!

THE fans still are looking for the explanation of the Washington club's refusal to combine with the Giants in a Spring training trip . . . Bill Terry asked Clark Griffith and Joe Cronin to stage a revival of the world series, but they gave the New York manager the cold shoulder, the icy stare and the frosted mitt . . . Terry doesn't know why . . . A Spring series between the New York and Washington teams would outdraw anything else of its kind . . . And Griff never hated money . . . So what? . . .

The fans wonder how long that Burt Shotton-Jimmy Wilson situation will last in Philadelphia . . . The owners brought in Wilson from St. Louis obviously to take charge when Shotton's term is up . . . Shotton knows it . . . Wilson knows it . . . All the fans know it . . . But Shotton's contract has two more seasons to run . . . Will Shotton run before the contract expires? . . . They say he'll be glad to quit this Summer . . .

The fans wonder what started that yarn about Babe Ruth going to Newark? . . . They wonder if the story was inspired by the New York business office? . . . Is somebody trying to get the Babe off the Yankees and out of the way? . . . Ruth would be a triple plated sucker to take the Newark job . . . It ruined Speaker and it made Johnson daffy . . . Sure, there are real players on the Bears now, but Ruth is not the kind of guy to step from champions and drawing rooms and the swankiest hotels to a minor league outfit.

The fans wonder if the big league cut that big $400,000 cake at Chicago . . . Some of the clubs need dough . . . Ask the Phillies and the Browns . . .

Giants Snubbed

FOR the first time in years, all three New York ball clubs will train in Florida. The Yankees will go back to St. Petersburg, the Giants will move into Miami Beach and the Dodgers will be at Orlando. This will concentrate New York baseball news, which last year came from California and Florida.

Earl Averill

Those on the inside are not surprised that the Yankees have refused to meet the Giants in a few games in Florida. Bill Terry asked for the dates but the Yankee front office made the statement that the schedule was full. Even if it had been completed it might have been made over to accommodate the Giants. But the Yankees gave their neighbors a complete turndown. Looks as if the American League got pretty sick of the Giants in the world series.

This situation may have something to do with the National League opposition to the all-star game, which was discussed at the Chicago meetings.

The man in the street wonders how there could have been any debate over the all-star game, which was a great thing for baseball last Summer and should be made an annual event. However, the magnates are not the smartest guys in the world. Some of them can't see any farther than the tips of their noses. If a guy has a theatre seating 1000 people he gets a press agent. But if a magnate has a ball park seating 60,000 people he sits back and disregards ballyhoo, and dares anybody to do him any good.

The baseball writers are getting sore over this ridiculous situation and are writing right out in public. More power to their typewriters.

* * *

EARL AVERILL, the star Cleveland outfielder, has been placed on the block by the Indians. Averill is being sought eagerly by the Yankees as the home run successor to Babe Ruth. If the Yankees can acquire his services, both the outfield and the hitting power of the Ruppert team will be greatly strengthened.

* * *

Nicknames

ROY PARMELEE, one of the pitching surprises of the year, probably has more nicknames tacked on him by his Giant teammates than any other player in the big leagues. . . . Among other things which would kind of sizzle your ears, Roy is called Tarzan the Wild Man, Bud, and Doc. . . . And, because of his peculiar stride, The Man Who Walks Like a Yak . . . Howzat? . . . Over on the Yanks the Babe is known to his teammates as "Jedge" . . . And since the Italian fliers came over here in their 24 planes the Yanks call Tony Lazzeri "Nino" . . . And Frank Crossetti is known as "Balbo" . . . But the best of all names is what the Babe used to call the late Urban Shocker . . . That was "rubber-belly."

Baseball Magnates Encouraged by Football Receipts

RECORDS for the college football season of 1933 prove that the game made a great comeback from the slump of 1932. Attendance figures jumped at least twenty per cent, and while this was due in some measure to more rational prices, the folks turned out for the big attractions at the higher rates. About 78,000 paid to see the Army lose to Notre Dame in the Yankee Stadium.

Professional football also had a better year, and as a result the baseball magnates see a more prosperous season for their game in 1934.

College football not only drew better, but looked better. There were fewer injuries and the boys put up a flashier and more interesting type of football, with the forward pass enjoying the biggest season since it was legalized in 1906.

The coach angle was de-emphasized a lot, and that also helped the game. Of course, the big feature was the collapse of Notre Dame in five defeats, and its grand comeback to beat the Army. The Army coaching staff was outsmarted in this game by Hunk Anderson. He stopped the Army attack for the second straight year. And the Army staff, taking victory for granted, took out all its stars while Notre Dame was rallying in the fourth period.

However, the Army left the Notre Dame game on the field of the Navy battle, and the Cadets could not pick themselves up to a high pitch for the five times beaten Irish.

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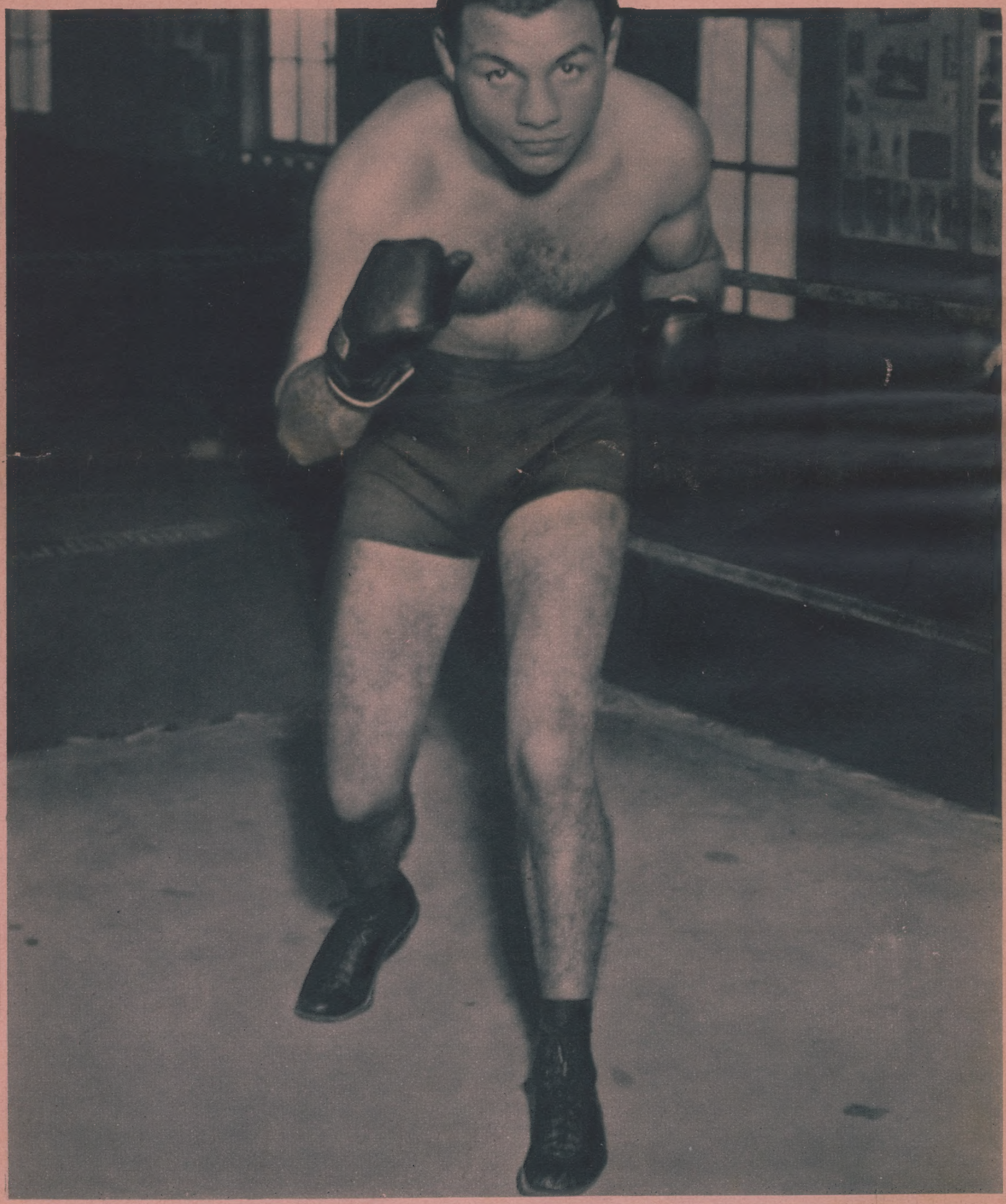

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